The National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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SAVING THE NATION.

The First Campaign Against Vicksburg.

MURPHY'S COWARDICE.

Gen. Sherman's Repulse at Chickasaw Bayou.

ARKANSAS POST.

A Brilliant Victory Follows the Disaster.

BY "CARLETON."

XLVIII.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

The order issued by the War Department Oct. 24, 1862, appointing Rosecrans to succeed Buell, also appointed Gen. Grant Commander of the Department of the Mississippi. He had 48,000 men, but they were very much scattered. Several thousand were needed to protect the railroad over which he received his supplies. There was so much going on in Virginia and Kentucky that the War Department had not time to give much attention to affairs in the West, and Gen. Grant was therefore left to do his own planning.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

The next great work to be done was the taking of Vicksburg. The great question was how to accomplish it. The Confederates were making it stronger every day,—planting more cannon, building intrenchments, and resolving to hold it at all hazards. If the Union troops were to capture it the States of Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana would be severed from the remainder of the Confederacy. It would be a crushing blow.

You remember the battle of Pea Ridge, in Northwestern Arkansas,—the defeat of the Confederates under Van Dorn. After that battle there was no Confederate force to oppose Gen. Curtis.

We have seen how the troops under Van Dorn were hastened to Corinth, where they were defeated by Rosecrans. Gen. Curtis, therefore, marched east to capture Little Rock, but his provisions failed. He had to put the troops on half rations and hasten towards the Mississippi. He reached it at Helena, below Memphis, where the steamboats supplied him with food.

GEN. GRANT'S ARMY.

The Union troops were widely scattered. Four thousand were at Columbus in Kentucky, rom whence Gen. Grant's army received its supplies. He was obliged to station bodies of soldies at every bridge and along the road to prevent the guerrillas from destroying it. Gen. Sherman was in Memphis with a portion of the troops, but most of the army was near Grand Junction, 50 miles east of Memphis and 40 west of Corinth. Twenty-five miles south of Grand Junction is Holly Springs, on the railroad leading to New Orleans. Going south from Holly Springs, we come to the Tallahatchie River, which runs southeast and empties into the Yazoo, which empties into the Mississippi 12 miles above Memphis. The Yazoo is navigable for steamboats.

It was up this river that the Confederates completed the ram Arkansas. The Yazoo winds through the broad bottom lands east of the Mississippi, which spread out very wide between Memphis and Vicksburg. The bluffs, which touch the river at Memphis and Vicksburg, are 50 miles east of the river opposite Helena. The railroad is on the table-land east of the bluffs. There are no towns in the bottom lands, only plantations, but along the railroad are Abbeville, Grenada, and other towns.

POSITION OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

After the defeat of Van Dorn at Corinth, Jefferson Davis appointed Gen. Pemberton to command the Confederate army. Pemberton was at Jackson, the Capital of Mississippi, and Van Dorn in command of the troops along the Tallahatchie. Van Dorn had 24,000 men; there were 6,000 at Vicksburg, nearly 6,000 more at Port Hudson, with other troops, giving him in all 40,000.

GEN. GRANT'S PLAN.

Gen. Grant saw that a movement from Grand Junction along the railroad would bring the army in rear of Vicksburg, which would compel the Confederates to evacuate that place. He moved south along the railroad. Gen. Sherman moved from Memphis Nov. 24, 1862. Gen. Hovey, with a portion of the troops at Helena, crossed the Mississippi and marched east through the bottom lands, all three detachments moving towards Van Dorn, who retreated from the Tallahatchie southward, and took up a new position behind the Yallabusha River, another branch of the Yazoo.

Van Dorn's cavalry were out in front of the Union armies; there was constant skirmishing. Every hour you might have heard the crack of rifles. But there was no battle; Van Dorn was not strong enough to attack.

Gen. Grant reached Oxford, 60 miles south of Grand Junction. Gen. Sherman was near him, at College Hill. They were 180 miles from their base of supplies. All their flour and beef must be brought from Columbus over a single track. There were so few locomotives on the railroad that they would not do the business. Gen. Grant asked for more engines, but the War Department, for some reason, did not supply them. He saw that if he went much farther he would not be able to feed the army. He decided to change his plan.

THE SECOND PLAN.

He consulted with Gen. Sherman, and decided that Gen. Sherman should march back to Memphis, put his army on a fleet of steamboats, hasten down the river, ascend the Yazoo a short distance, and attack Vicksburg in the rear, while he, with the rest of the army, would march from Oxford and join him. When united it would be a powerful army, which would receive its supplies by steamboats.

JEFF DAVIS HASTENS TO VICKSBURG.

The Confederate authorities in Richmond saw the great danger which threatened the Confederacy, and President Davis hastened West, taking Gen. Joseph E. Johnston with him, appointing him commander of all the troops between the Mississippi and the Alleganies. He visited Jackson and Vicksburg and cheered the Confederate troops. New recruits were coming by the thousands to the Confederate armies, gathered in by the conscript officers, who compelled everybody they could find to join the army. They did not make new regiments, but filled up the old.

GEN. FORREST'S RAID.

We come to Dec. 11. Gen. Bragg is at Murfreesboro; Rosecrans at Nashville, laying his plans. Gen. Bragg has nearly 10,000 cavalry. He sees a grand opportunity to cripple Gen. Grant, by destroying the railroad over which he receives his supplies, and sends Gen. Forrest to do the work.

On the morning of the 11th Forrest leaves Columbia, Tenn., south of Nashville, moving west.

The Union scouts bring word to Rosecrans, who before night sends this dispatch to Gen. Grant: "Tell the authorities along the road to look out for Forrest."

Gen. Forrest pushes west to the Tennessee, reaches it at Clifton, crosses it on an old flatboat—swimming his horses. He has 2,500 men. Twenty miles west of the river he comes upon Col. R. G. Ingersoll, commanding 700 Union cavalry, who has two cannon. Ingersoll and more than 200 of his men are captured, the rest put to flight. Forrest had a skirmish with two regiments near Jackson. But he had not come to fight. He turns north, reaches the railroad, captures all the small stations, burns bridges, tears up the track, moving north to the Kentucky line, then turning south once more toward Lexington.

At Parker's Cross-roads, not far from Lexington, Tenn., he is confronted by Gen. Sullivan, sent by Gen. Grant with two brigades to cut off his retreat.

It is the last day of the year. The great battle of Stone's River is going on. At the same hour, in the forenoon, Forrest begins a battle with one of Sullivan's Brigades, slowly driving it before him, but the second brigade arrives, striking Forrest in the rear, putting him to rout with a loss of six guns, 300 men and several wagons; but he reached the river, crossed it as before, and escaped. He had done great damage—destroyed 60 miles of the railroad and killed, wounded and captured nearly 2,000 Union troops.

On Dec. 19 Grant's communications were cut off; nor could he receive any supplies until the road was repaired.

VAN DORN'S RAID.

But Grant was to receive a more disastrous blow. Van Dorn had 3,500 cavalry. He knew that Gen. Grant's supplies were at Holly Springs, where there was a brigade under Gen. Murphy. The Union cavalry was 40 miles away, destroying the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. Now was his opportunity. Putting himself at the head of his cavalry he started from Grenada and made a rapid march around Gen. Grant. It is Dec. 19, the hour when Forrest is striking the railroad north, in Tennessee,—the hour when Sherman is starting from Memphis to go down the river.

"Be prepared for Confederate cavalry and hold your position at all hazards," is the dispatch sent by Grant to Murphy at Holly Springs and to the commander at Grand Junction.

Murphy has 1,500 men guarding the supplies piled up in the depot and surrounding buildings. At daylight the next morning Van Dorn is upon him and the poor, weak, cowardly Murphy, almost without firing a shot, surrenders his whole command. A few minutes later a cloud of black smoke darkens the sky. In an hour property worth $1,500,000 is burned.

You will be glad to know that Murphy was court-martialed, disgraced and dismissed from the service as a coward.

Van Dorn attacked a small body of Union troops at Davis's Mills and was repulsed. He advanced to Bolivar and was driven off by the brave men there. He was repulsed at Middleburg. All of which shows that Murphy might have defeated him and saved the country from the disaster which upset Grant's plan and brought more disaster at Vicksburg.

SHERMAN'S MOVEMENT.

A great fleet of steamboats, with the Divisions of Gens. A. J. Smith, Morgan L. Smith, and George W. Morgan, cast loose from Memphis and descended the Mississippi, to be joined at Helena by Gen. Steele's Division, making an army of 32,000 with 60 cannon. It was a magnificent sight. There were 67 steamboats crowded with men, who clustered on the decks like bees upon a hive. In advance steamed the gunboats.

Twenty miles above Vicksburg Gen. A. J. Smith's Division landed on the west side of the river, marched southwest and reached the railroad, over which the cars were bringing provisions to Vicksburg. The bridges were burned and the track destroyed. The steamboats went on to the mouth of the Yazoo, turned round the point of land between the Yazoo, and sailed up that stream 13 miles. The troops landed beneath the great cottonwood trees on the bottom lands. The troops of A. J. Smith, having destroyed the railroad, hastened on, and on Dec. 27 the whole army was on shore.

Gen. Sherman knew very little about the ground before him, or the Confederate forts and rifle-pits. He only knew that the Walnut Hills, as the bluffs above Vicksburg are called, were lined with forts and rifle-pits and breastworks; that thousands of shovels had been employed upon the intrenchments; that there were bayous, swamps, lakes, miery places, deep ravines, high hills, tangled thickets, and a Confederate army before him. He must feel his way.

There are so many swamps and lakes that from Vicksburg to Haines's Bluff (12 miles) there are only five points where it is possible for an army to advance.

Gen. Sherman hoped to descend the river so rapidly that the Confederates would be taken by surprise. If they knew his intentions, how they must have laughed to themselves. Before a soldier embarked at Memphis they knew all about the plan. Although Memphis had been captured, the people were as much devoted to the Confederacy as ever.

Along the river were detachments of cavalry, and as soon as the descending fleet was seen couriers rode with the news, so that the Confederates had full information of the approach of the fleet.

The troops which had been confronting Grant along the line of the railroad were hurried west, and placed behind the intrenchments. Instead of 6,000 the Confederates numbered 12,000.

The bluffs were fully 200 feet high, and the Confederates could look down upon the Union troops and see every movement. They could concentrate at a given point and pour down a withering fire without being themselves exposed. The Union artillery would be of little account; it might just as well have been left at Memphis.

Gen. Sherman knew nothing of what had happened at Holly Springs. He expected to hear the thunder of Grant's guns in the rear of Vicksburg; he did not know that Grant, instead of advancing to join him, was falling back to Grand Junction, because of the pusillanimous surrender of Murphy.

THE ADVANCE.

Gen. A. J. Smith's Division was on the right, then Morgan L. Smith's, then G. W. Morgan's, and lastly Gen. Steele's on the left.

Gen. Morgan was to make the attack, supported by Steele, while the other two divisions were to make a demonstration only.

The Engineers reconnoitered the ground. They found the bayou, which was from 50 to 100 feet wide, passable only at two points—one a sandbar, the other an old and narrow levee.

At daylight Dec. 28 the troops advanced. They soon came upon the Confederate pickets in the edge of the woods. The morning was hazy, and they could see only a dense forest thick with tangled vines. The Confederates opened fire. The 16th Ohio, 22d Ky., 54th Ind., and Lamphere's battery replied. For more than an hour there was a great uproar, the soldiers firing into the dense thicket, but seeing very few of the Confederates.

Gen. De Courcey deployed his brigade,—the 22d Ky. on the right, then the 54th Ind., 42d Ohio, and 164th Ohio. Foster's battery opened fire. It was nearly 9:30.

Gen. De Courcey gives the order to advance and the troops move forward, driving the Confederates. The troops gave a hurrah, dashed through the woods, driving the Confederates, who fled across the bayou.

The troops halted and the Engineers once more reconnoitered the ground. They saw that the Confederates had slashed down the trees on the other side of the stream, and that every approach was enfiladed by cannon. The soldiers bivouacked where they were, waiting till night, that the Engineers might build a pontoon bridge. It was laid during the night. The road along which the troops were to advance was only an old path. It was covered with fallen trees. When morning came the Engineers discovered that beyond the fallen trees was a second bayou, crossed by a log bridge, beyond which the ground sloped upward towards the bluffs. It was a half mile from the place where the troops passed the night to the foot of the bluff. Every step of the way they would be exposed to the fire of the Confederates. Down on the right Morgan L. Smith very early in the morning was wounded, and the command devolved upon Gen. Stuart. The troops of the two divisions made a show of advancing, while De Courcey's and Blair's Brigades were to make the real attack. The regiments of these brigades were formed in columns of divisions to cross the log bridge. The 16th Ohio leads the column. Blair's Brigade was on the left, ready to cross the first bayou.

The signal is given, and the two columns emerge from the shelter of the woods. In an instant the Confederate batteries flame, sending down a terrible storm of shells. The troops cross the bayou and deploy. It is a terrible tempest that bursts upon them. Men fall by the score. Canister from the batteries sweeps them down. Six regiments of Confederates, resting their muskets on the breastworks and taking deliberate aim, cut them in pieces. On, almost up to the trenches, rushes the 16th Ohio, till half the men are disabled. It can go no farther. It wavers. The men see how hopeless the task before them and turn back. The other regiments are in confusion and the order to retire is given. In the few moments more than 1,000 men have been killed, wounded or are captured by the Confederates, who leap over their intrenchments and gather in those who cannot get away.

Going down to the right, we see the 6th Mo. leading the advance along a levee so narrow that only two soldiers can stand abreast. The bluff rises sharp and steep above them. They reach the foot of the bluff, throw themselves under the shelter of the bank, and wait for re-enforcements; but no other troops follow. To make their shelter complete they dig holes in the bluff, scraping out the dirt with their hands, lying there till night and then retreating.

Gen. Sherman, seeing how useless it was to make a second attack, decided to send 10,000 men up the Yazoo to Haines's Bluff. The gunboats were to take part. Morning came, but the fog was thick, and the gunboats could not move. Rain was falling in torrents. It was seen that the river might suddenly rise, flood the lowlands and drown the army. Gen. Sherman consulted with his officers, who advised the abandonment of the undertaking.

A flag of truce went out and the ambulances came back filled with the wounded. It was a sad, disheartening spectacle. The expedition was a failure, and nearly 2,000 brave soldiers had been sacrificed.

Up the Mississippi steamed the fleet to Milliken's Bend, where the soldiers disembarked on the Arkansas shore, landing there Jan. 2, at the same hour that Breckinridge was being repulsed and the Union troops winning the victory at Stone's River.

ARKANSAS POST.

There was a fort on the Arkansas River at Arkansas Post, garrisoned by 5,000 Confederate troops, named Fort Hindman. It was located at a bend in the river and was built of earth. The Confederates had mounted two 9-inch and one 8-inch cannon, and 14 pieces of field artillery.

Gen. McClernand arrived at Milliken's Bend and took command of the army, bringing news of what had happened at Holly Springs and the falling back of Gen. Grant to Grand Junction.

The troops ought not to remain idle; the army should be doing something. Why not capture Arkansas Post? These were the thoughts that flashed through Gen. Sherman's ever active mind. Gen. McClernand gladly engaged in the enterprise. Once more the troops went on board the steamboats, ascended the Mississippi to the mouth of White River, then turned into a cut-off which wound through the bottom lands to the Arkansas. It was a great fleet. There were the gunboats De Kalb, Cincinnati, Louisville, Black Hawk, Lexington, Rattler, Glide, and the ram Monarch,—all together carrying 66 guns,—besides the fleet of steamboats.

On the afternoon of Jan. 9 the gunboats dropped anchor three miles below the fort, and the troops landed on the north bank. Gen. McClernand divided the army into two corps—one under Gen. Morgan, consisting of Morgan's and A. J. Smith's Divisions; the other under Gen. Sherman, who had Steele's and Stuarts (formerly M. L. Smith's) Divisions.

Gen. Sherman's troops landed first and marched along the bank of the river, followed by Morgan's men. Gen. Lindsay, with one brigade, landed on the other side of the river, marched up the bend and put his batteries into position to prevent the Confederates from retreating up the river.

Besides the fort there was a line of breastworks, extending from the fort to a bayou west of it. Most of the Confederates were behind the intrenchments, which had been constructed to prevent the Union troops from approaching the fort from the rear. That, however, was just what Gen. McClernand intended to do—or, rather, he intended to place his troops so that the Confederates could not escape, while the gunboats silenced the guns in the fort.

Just before sunset the gunboats steamed towards the fort, opened fire, and rained such a storm of shot and shells upon it that the Confederate guns were quickly silenced. It was 1 o'clock the next day, however, before the troops were all in position.

"I am ready," was the signal of McClernand to Commodore Porter, commanding the fleet.

Once more the gunboats advanced and opened a terrific fire from 66 heavy guns. The solid shot cut through the embankments, the shells tossed great columns of sand into the air or crashed through the logs forming the sides of the embrasures. In a very short time the Confederate cannon was silenced, the carriages being knocked into kindlings.

Sherman and Morgan brought their field guns into play along the intrenchments, 45 cannon out on the plateau hurling their missiles upon the Confederates.

The thunder of the cannonade ceased, the troops advanced, and then came volleys of musketry. Nearer to the trenches the Union troops worked their way.

"Prepare to charge," was the order which ran along the line.

"Raise the white flag," was the cry which ran along the Confederate line. Gen. Churchill did not issue the order; none of his officers issued it. No one knows who first started it, but above the trenches waved a flag.

"Take it down," shouted an officer, but the flag still waved. The Confederate soldiers had lost heart in the terrific cannonade, and threw down their arms.

It had been a short but sharp conflict. The Union loss was 129 killed, 831 wounded. The Confederates had lost between two and three hundred killed and wounded, and 4,971 who surrendered.

The army and fleet returned to Milliken's Bend. The victory revived the spirits of the troops. They had been repulsed at Vicksburg, but had struck a telling blow at Arkansas Post.

[*To be continued.*]

MAX STEINER.

The Adventures of a German Boy During the War.

A GALLANT SUABIAN.

The American War's Echoes in the German Alps.

MOURNING FOR GARFIELD

Twining the Stars and Stripes With the Imperial Colors.

BY ALBERT GREEN.

It was in May, 1861. The war news in America had reached the interior of Continental Europe, and was for the first time being discussed by the country folk in the mountains of South Germany, near the old Castle of Ulm in the Suabian Alps, three hours' ride by the post-coach from the nearest railroad station. The mail had brought the news of the attack on Fort Sumter, its hopeless defense and humiliating surrender and the first wild paroxysm of war that had burst forth across the sea in another hemisphere. As the tidings spread, the villagers gathered in the street, the tradesman left his shop, the craftsman his bench, the blacksmith his forge, and Christian Maier read the papers to the motley crowd. Chris was an old man, for he had served in the campaigns of the first Napoleon, but as he read the martial ardor of his youthful days came back to him, and his wrinkled face glowed with the memory of march and siege, of rushing hosts and the grand whirlwind of battle. "Ah," said he, when he had finished, "if these old limbs were young again, how quickly would I go where glory calls the young and brave!" Here's Max Steiner. It is for such as he to bear the standard now; Two days later Max Steiner, acting on the hint of the old soldier, bade adieu to mother and sister and little sweetheart Katarina, and last of all called at the door of Christian Maier to say farewell forever. "God bless you, my boy, and bring you safely back again, when the war is ended, to the Fatherland," said old Chris, his voice choking with emotion.

"Cannot you go, too?" said Max; "your presence would be worth a thousand men." "Nay, my lad, I could not do a soldier's duty; if I go with you in spirit will it not be enough?"

Max could not say a word, but hurried away as the old man refused him. A week later, when the vessel sailed, there was another passenger besides Max Steiner going out from the little port; but it is not my purpose to give the ship's list.

Chris Maier was a great favorite in the village. Without family or living kindred, he was welcomed at every table and hearthstone, and the softest bed in every cottage was his without asking. He had the best seat at banquets, and his health was pledged in the first glass and the last. He was invited to every dance, and, though his dancing days were over, he received more bouquets than the gayest youngster. He nursed the sick, buried the dead, and had more babies named after him than any 10 men in the neighborhood. In return for this he assumed the guardianship of the place,—was mayor, police and council all in one; carried a stick for roughs, quelled rising brawls, and settled all disputes by his quick judgment, without the intervention of counsel, court or jury. In the narrow circle of that mountain glen he was in law the highest authority, in religion the oracle, and in all things an unquestionable encyclopedia.

It was the Fourth of July. All over the North the drums were beating for volunteers and the national anniversary was being celebrated by raising regiments for another and a greater revolution. The Nation was struggling in the throes of a mighty war for the national life. There were no empty eulogies then, no flights of finished rhetoric. All was hurry and bustle and anxiety under the black pall of war.

In a small town in Central Illinois they were raising a company of infantry, and as each volunteer steeled his heart to the great sacrifice and stepped out from the group of his family and friends the sobs of wife, mother and sweetheart were drowned in the cheers of his comrades as his name was entered and the roll of honor made up.

"Who will be the next to come where glory calls?" said the recruiting officer, and as he spoke a full-faced youth stepped to the front and gave his name and repeated it to the clerk, who failed to understand at first the foreign accent, "Max Steiner, aged 19 years."

The company was full to the maximum and its officers of every grade had been chosen, but there was another duty to perform.

The ladies presented to the boys a silk flag made by their own hands, and bade them to return it without dishonor when white winged Peace should come again.

And then they marched away to do and die for their country. There was one in the throng who said not a word, but waved a handkerchief and shed scalding tears until the last soldier had disappeared down the dusty road.

Over the captured ramparts of Fort Donelson that flag waved; through the varying fortunes of Shiloh it advanced, wavered, fell back, and advanced to stay. It went down before the foe on the bloody field of Chickamauga; but only for a moment, for another standard bearer caught it up, and as he fell another, and then the "girl soldier," Max Steiner, snatched it from the dying hand and waved it defiantly in the face of the oncoming enemy. Of that proud company but 30 answered the roll-call that night, and as the Orderly called the names of those gone, the answer followed—"Died, that his country may live."

Every commissioned officer, every Sergeant, all but two Corporals and 30 men had been either killed, wounded or were missing. At the furious charge by the rebels on Fort Robinet at the battle of Corinth, Oct. 4, 1862, Max Steiner was severely wounded, and as he laid on the gory field, amidst the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, his thoughts wandered back to his distant home across the sea. He imagined that he saw the eyes of his mother resting tenderly upon him as they used to do in his early boyhood days. But the cheers of victory awoke him out of his dreams and we find him in the field hospital.

Of the ministering angels that followed the army without recompense or reward, "to bear away the wounded and cover up the dead," it is not now my purpose to write; but they were there, and their services were none the less meritorious than the man who sprang to close the gap where death passed through. In the reorganization of the regiment Max Steiner was made Lieutenant, and on Sherman's march to the sea he was promoted to Captain.

The affectionate nickname that had followed him from the day of his enlistment was perpetuated by the remnant of his early comrades in the "Girl Captain," and in his new position he was as popular as he had been in the ranks. No soldier but fared as well as he, and every ounce of ration due his men they received; every peril, every sacrifice, every vicissitude was the common lot of all, and in the hour of victory they shared a common joy.

Savannah reached, the South-Atlantic States restored, the Capital of the Confederacy captured, Lee's army paroled and sent home, the victorious legions of the Union marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, in the City of Washington, 300,000 strong, and presented a country saved from dissolution to the President of the United States.

From Washington the regiment was ordered to Louisville, Ky., and right there the company presented to Max Steiner a fine sword and belt, on which was engraved: "Presented to our Captain by the members of Co. D, 9th Ill. M't'd Inf. Louisville, Ky., June 28, 1865."

Then Max Steiner thought of his old German home and old Christian Maier and the dear kindred near the Castle of Ulm, and decided to return to them. His company followed him to Springfield, and on the day of his departure presented him the silk flag the Illinois girls had given them four years before, and begged him to accept it as a token of their love for him and his people. And so Max took the bullet-torn and blood-stained flag and laid it with his uniform so proudly worn on Southern battle-fields. With these trophies he bade the boys good-by and sailed away.

The villagers gathered around the post-coach as it rolled up to the Hotel of the Eagle, to hear the latest news from the American war; for Max had written frequent letters, and these had added to the interest of the people until they had come to feel the cause their own. In the crowd stood Christian Maier, and when the coach door opened and Max Steiner stept out, they recognized eace other in a moment. This was not to be wondered at in Max, for, save a tremor in his voice, Chris Maier had changed not; but Max himself had changed. He was no more the fair-faced lad, but a bronzed veteran, mustached, and haughty in his bearing, as soldiers are.

It was no time for speeches, so they embraced and shook each other by the hand most cordially, and then, linked arm-in-arm, strolled away. The next day the town was wild with joy at the "boy's" return, and that night a gay party filled the halls of the Hotel of the Eagle, and Max Steiner was the lion of the hour.

When the guests were all assembled and the musicians were tuning up their fiddles for the dance, Max called attention, and said: "My friends, you know the story of my wanderings, and I hear with pleasure your generous praise at the honors I have won; but Chris Maier is the man who bade me go and blessed me, and met me first upon my return. To this old hero I owe the inspiration that nerved me up and led me on. And now before you all I make here my acknowledgments, and present him this coat, faded and stained in honorable war, and this flag that has never been dishonored, the emblem of the freest and best Nation on earth. The buttons on this coat bear the image of the eagle, whose home is in the mountains, and the stars upon this flag shall find their brightest ideal in the pure skies of our own German Alps. Wear this coat, my old friend, on gala days, and hang out this flag in times of rejoicing, and never while the Union lives or the love of freedom dwells in the German heart shall any man object."

And while they draped the Stars and Stripes with the tri-color of Germany the old veteran of Austerlitz donned the Captain's coat, and the audience joining with patriotic fire, sang as they never sang before—

The Star-spangled Banner, oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

During his absence Max Steiner's mother had died, but not until she had heard of her son's good fortune and rejoiced with the relatives and Chris Maier over it. Thus bereft Max turned his thoughts to America, and in the golden Autumn days, when the rich fruitage crowned the orchard and shone above the garden wall, and the great beeches on the mountain flung out the scarlet banners of October,—when their little German home seemed most beautiful, Max disposed of it, and taking a last fond look and parting, severed the last tie that bound him to the Fatherland.

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Eighteen years have passed and Max Steiner has sought and found a new home in Missouri. All this time he has been receiving frequent letters from Germany; all these years Christain Maier has kept the souvenir of the American war. The weight of age bears heavily on him now, and he walks no more his daily and nightly rounds of the village, but sits by the chimney corner in the Hotel of the Eagle and dreams of Austerlitz and Shiloh. But in spite of age and waning energies he sacredly observes the injunction of Max Steiner, and once a year as the calendar marks the day of our Nation's birth, he dons the old coat with its buttons bright and hangs the flag upon the outer wall. The passers-by wonder at the strange emblem, and a few repeat the legend concerning it, but none molest it or fail to recognize its power.

One day shortly after the death of President Garfield there came sad news by the post-coach to that village in the Suabian Alps. The driver repeated the dispatch he had heard at the station, and told the people that America's ruler, who had fought for his life through all the hot Summer days against the assassin's bullet, was dead. He who had saved half the army from annihilation at Chickamauga and ridden unscathed through the black hell of battle had been slain at last in time of universal peace. And the sad villagers tolled the bells, and put on mourning, and spoke generously of the great life that had gone out and of the country he loved; but Christian Maier, he cried like a child when he hung out the old flag draped in crape and twined the emblems of mourning around the picture of Garfield which Max Steiner had sent him. The next Sabbath there were memorial services in the little church, and the coat and the flag and the picture were there, and Christian Maier and the villagers and the country folks for miles around in the mountains. And in all the world I am sure there were no more sincere mourners than in that far-off village in the German Alps.

A few weeks later there came to Warrensburg, Mo., a letter with a strange foreign postmark, addressed to Max Steiner, and when he opened it and read of the respect his native town, in common with all places and countries, had shown America's dead President, he dimmed the page with his tears.

And it may be added without apology that when Max had finished reading he led me down to his cottage and introduced me to Katarina Steiner and numerous progeny, the former of whom, anticipating Max by a gesture, told me she had been present when he enlisted, smoothed the pillow of his wounded comrades, wept tears of joy in the hour of promotion, gazed in rapture as he marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, and bade her heart be still as he sailed away—an ocean between them. How they met when he returned to America; how she "did the most of the little courting," when they agreed to get married, and how very happy they had been. But Max at last interrupted by reading the letter again, and remarked, when he had finished, "that is all true what Katarina told you; but I must cry when I think of that Old Flag and Garfield." And I tell you there is a majesty in goodness that is irresistible, and so shall the love of Freedom and a free country grow until it fills the whole earth.

THE SNOW AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Drift over the slopes of the sunrise land,
O wonderful, wonderful snow!
Oh, pure as the breast of a virgin saint!
Drift tenderly, soft, and slow,
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
And into the haunted dells
Of the forests of pine, where the sobbing winds
Are tuning their memory bells;—

Into the forests of sighing pines,
And over those yellow slopes
That seem but the work of the cleaving plow,
But cover so many hopes!
They are many indeed and straightly made,
Not shapened with loving care;
But the soul let out, and the broken blade
May never be counted here!

Fall over those lonely hero graves,
O delicate-dropping snow!
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love
On the warrior heads below;
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul,
As she waiteth and watcheth for one
Who will never come back from the sunrise land
When this terrible war is done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
Drift, white as the bridal veil
That will never be worn by the drooping girl
Who sitteth afar so pale.
Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
Who stretcheth despairing hands
Out to the blood-rich battlefields
That crimson the eastern sands.

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
O delicate snow! and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified,—
Husband, and son, and lover.
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the shriven souls,
And their mantles of righteousness.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

O, gaily raise your radiant heads,
And wave your gold-fringed banners bright,
While o'er the sun-browned hillside spreads
Your charm that sweetly woos the sight!
The fairest ye of all the throng,
Mid heralds of autumnal days;
In forest dim your light prolong,
O'er fields shine through the mellow haze.

Ye tell us that the trees shall stand
All leafless 'gainst the silent sky,
And birds shall in some Southern land
Renew the songs they here let die.
How oft a rest the toiler finds
By roadsides where your beauty blooms;
And feels his brow refreshed by winds
That gently sway your glowing plumes!

Sometimes upon the mountain wild
Your watch and ward ye fondly keep,
O'er nature's waning life that smiled
Ere storm winds burst with withering sweep,
How oft the towering pine goes down
Beneath the tempest's rushing gale
That passes harmless o'er your crown,
Still bright with yellow blossoms frail.

The splendors of the sun's gay hue,
Gathered from Summer's smiling skies,
Ye throw upon the world anew
When Autumn's darkening clouds arise.
The brave and generous heart thus sheds,
Where'er in time and earth it dwell,
Beauty and blessing on the heads
Of those who feel its magic spell.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

OODLES OF COMFORT AND JOY.

[Words and music by a comrade of Upton Post, No 8, G.A.R., of Pueblo, Col.]

Let us sing of the joys of the soldier in camp,
When the day's march was over, old boy,
And the sow-bosom, hard-tack and beans we would champ,—
Dead oodles of comfort and joy!

Chorus.—Oodles of comfort and joy,
Oodles of comfort and joy,
When the sow-bosom, beans and the hard-tack we'd champ,—
Dead oodles of comfort and joy!

When the cook-tent was up and the camp-fire was made,
And the kettles were boiling, old boy,
And the hot coffee steamed as the daylight did fade,—
Old oodles of comfort and joy.

Then, when supper was over, we'd all gather 'round,
And swap army lies, too, old boy,
And smoke our old pipes as we lay on the ground,—
Just oodles of comfort and joy!

And often, on guard, we'd get wet to the skin,
But little we'd mind that, old boy;
For a canteen of whisky was not then a sin,
But oodles of comfort and joy!

But we'll never forget to the end of our lives
When the war at last ended, old boy,
How we felt, snug at home, when we met our dear wives,—
What oodles of comfort and joy!

FEMININE NAMES.

Frances, is "unrestrained and free;"
Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright;"
Clara, "clear" as the crystal sea;
Lucy, a star of radiant "light;"
Catharine, is "pure" as mountain air;
Barbara, cometh "from afar;"
Mabel, is "like a lily fair;"
Henrietta, a soft, sweet "star."

Felicia, is a "happy girl;"
Matilda, is a "lady true;"
Margaret, is a shining "pearl;"
Rebecca, "with the faithful few."
Susan, is a "lily white;"
Jane, has the "willow's" curve and grace;
Cecilia, dear, is "dim of sight;"
Sophia, shows "wisdom" on her face.

Constance, is firm and "resolute;"
Grace, a delicious "favor meet;"
Charlotte, "noble, of good repute;"
Harriet, a fine "odor sweet;"
Isabella, is "a lady rare;"
Lucinda, "constant" as the day.
Maria, means "a lady fair;"
Abigail, "joyful" as the May;
Elizabeth, "an oath of trust;"
Adeline, "nice princess, proud;"
Agatha, "is truly good and just;"
Letta, "a joy by love avowed."

Jemima, "a soft sound in air;"
Caroline, "a sweet spirit hale;"
Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;"
Selina, "a sweet nightingale;"
Lydia, "a refreshing well;"
Judith, "a song of sacred praise;"
Julia, "a jewel none excel;"
Priscilla, "ancient of days."

—*George W. Bungay.*

A CANARY AT THE FARM.

Folks has been to town, and Sahry
Fetched her home a pet canary,
And of all the blam'd, contrary,
Aggervatin' things alive!
I love music—that is, I love it
When it's free and plenty of it;
But I kinder git above it
At a dollar eighty-five!

It's just as I'm a-sayin'—
The idee, now, o'layin'
Out yer money, and a-payin'
For a willer cage and bird,
When the medder larks is wingin'
Round you, and the woods a-ringin'
With the beautifullest singin'
That a mortal ever heard!

Sahry's set, though—so I tell her,
He's a purty little feller,
With his wings o' creamy yeller
And eyes keen as a cat;
And the twitter o' the critter
Seems to absolutely glitter.
Guess I'll have go and git her
A better cage 'n that!—*J. Whitcomb Riley.*

FIRST BULL RUN.

Experiences of an Ohio Three Months' Man.

HOLIDAY SOLDIERING,

Followed by An Initiation Into the Realities of War.

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

And the Hasty Retreat Back to Washington.

[*By M. McCoy, Captain, Co. I, 2d Ohio.*]

(*Concluded from last week.*)

West and southwest of Bull Run the ground rises to quite an elevation. Some of the rebel troops could be seen plainly at the crest of the ridge. An officer riding a white horse was conspicuous to the south side of the road. It was not long till the roar of musketry and artillery to the north of us, told the battle had begun in earnest, and judging from the sound, as we could not see, our side seemed to be advancing. During this advance by the Right Wing and Center, which crossed Bull Run at Sudley's Ford, Gen. Tyler's Division remained near the Stone Bridge. Gen. Schenck's Brigade was ordered to move by the left flank, which it did; moving through a pine woods of dense growth, along a roadway which seemed to lead to a ford. When the brigade had almost reached its destination, and while in line of march, it was opened upon by a masked battery, from the south side of Bull Run, at a distance of some 500 yards. All was confusion. I had been ordered to keep in rear of the brigade, with the Provost-General, and, as a special duty, to guard any prisoners that might be taken. I moved on the left flank of the brigade by parallel lines, the greater portion of the distance being along a ravine, all in woods, and something like 150 or 200 yards from the brigade. The grape and canister went crashing through the tree-tops above our heads. We soon passed from under the fire, when I deployed the men, moving to the front. On arriving at the top of the rising ground, we found that we were confronted by

THE ENEMY'S SKIRMISHERS.

Then began a skirmish from behind trees, in which two of the guard were wounded, and by the aid of the Lafayette Guards, of Cincinnati, a German company, moving in their rear, 13 prisoners were taken; seven of the enemy having been killed. Upon our release from this position we found the brigade had withdrawn from under the fire of the battery.

Making our way up the road on which our brigade had marched, Gen. Schenck was seen on foot reconnoitering. Near by was a horse belonging to Lieut. Cheesborough, of Gen. Schenck's staff, wounded. Proceeding from there to the Warrenton pike with the prisoners, the guard moved back to the corner of the woods on the south side of the pike, and almost opposite to where the hospital had been established; it being the house from which the enemy's pickets had fired upon our advance in the morning. A battery of Gen. Tyler's Division having been moved forward into position south of the Warrenton road and not far from the Stone Bridge, Gen. Schenck's Brigade was moved to its support, and were kept there under fire from the enemy's guns during the remainder of the day,—at least until the charge of the famous Black Horse Cavalry in our rear at the hospital.

MANY WERE THE TRIALS

of men that day. The heat was intense, and water could not be had. A guard at the well in the hospital yard prevented all from obtaining a supply, or even a drink to quench their thirst, while it was next to impossible to get any at or near the Stone Bridge, because of sharpshooters. Twice during the day stragglers, who were determined to go back till water was secured, were made to halt and forced to return to their regiments by an officer on horseback, riding from one side of the roadway to the other with a drawn revolver, threatening to shoot the first man that passed him.

Many gained the rear by a roundabout way through the woods. About 3:30 o'clock (it may have been a little later) the charge of the Black Horse Cavalry was made onto the Warrenton pike, opposite the hospital. Our prisoners, numbering between 25 and 30, under guard at the corner of the woods, were the first to discover their friends in the persons of their cavalry coming that way. A portion made a break for freedom and succeeded. Some did not. Others were marched across the road in rear of hospital toward Centerville. All finally escaped, with the exception of four or five. In front of the hospital, along the road, were 13 wagons loaded with bridge timbers to be used in the construction of a bridge across Bull Run should the Stone Bridge, as it was called, be blown up, as was expected and reported. Between the trains and wagons and the hospital yard fence were a number of caissons, the teams of which were headed east. The supposition by many was they were out of ammunition, and were there for another supply. Here were your

CONGRESSMEN AND CIVILIANS

in their fine carriages and barouches, with the tops thrown back, a basket indicative of champagne between the seats. The sutler was there, too. Congress had adjourned, that Congressmen might be enabled to witness the greatest of events—the first great battle between the two armies. They witnessed it and its consequences. It was reported about noon an engagement had taken place somewhere, distant about half a mile, between the Fire Zouaves of New York and the Black Horse Cavalry, and it was currently reported by stragglers in the rear that both sides were whipped. While all the teams, wagons, carriages and caissons were strung along the road near the hospital,

THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY

made their charge at that point.

Any one who witnessed it will not forget it to his dying day: the charge of the cavalry across the open field to the fence on the opposite side of the road—over it into the road, running their horses between the teams, wagons and caissons, with drawn sabers, to be followed